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### In Parade

view the army ak affronts to God;

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≥k of my pride ∋rmly fascinating feathers;

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ous desires ivate arsenal of excuses:

ive tongue gressive reprisals;

gems to outwit him he were on continual furlough;

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ation of injustice ostility to reconciliation-

martialed on my own testimony rd by his superior grace.

Thomas John Carlisle





What Chance Has the Chaplaincy?
By Arthur Carl Piepkorn

Alive and Well in the Marshalls By Robert F. Hemphill

A Visit with Chaplain Frank A. Tobey By Caspar Nannes

The United Methodist Church and the U.S. Military Chaplaincy By William J. Hughes

Alienation of the Campus from National Defense By Lewis F. Powell, Jr.

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# the Chaplain

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## Editor's Notes

#### A GIFT FROM A STRAN

T WAS the summer I was twenty-one. A heavy sto the California coast and was receding off shore. morning I was walking along the beach at Santa ( violence of the pounding waves. In addition to the us ber viewing a dead sea lion and recall wondering caused his death.

Presently I came abreast and within a few yard gazing out to sea. Earlier I had been vaguely aware up the beach, since we were the only persons drawn t early hour. We nodded to each other and mumbled exchanged some comments about the impressive asked if he had noticed the dead sea lion.

It seemed a natural thing for these two stranger a minimum of conversation and not much intrus thoughts. At length he asked if I lived in the shore of I was a college student on vacation and was always to the ocean. He said he was a Jesuit priest from a using the morning walk to meditate on religious the ried pause he asked whether I would like to he thoughts that had come to him on this kind of mo interest in hearing these things.

Then for a few moments he talked quietly, slowly manner about the love of God, drawing several simple sea. It was somewhat like being shown a few very in pebbles he had carefully gathered along the beach. ment with his observations. We returned to though little while two still nameless beach walkers took div ing a casual but friendly wave of farewell.

Most of the words of the morning have faded I the mood and the sensitive sharing of reverent the gettable gift from the stranger. This Protestant pres was confirmed in his boyhood suspicion, that the gre in many other religious traditions beyond his own.

August 1970